Loudly Squelched.

George Hoadly, formerly Governor of Ohio, says that the hardest setting down he ever experienced fell to him while campaigning in his own State. Tired and out of sorts, he arrived at a little town one evening and went to the only hotel in the place. The proprietor stood coatless behind a little desk smoking a corncob pipe. After Mr. Hoadly registered his host said: "Take yer grip up to No. 10, down at the far end f the hall." With some exasperation the State's chief executive said: "I am George Hoadly, Governor of Ohio." The man looked him over calmly and replied: "Well, what d'ye want me to do—kiss ye?" The Governor went meekly to bed.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Reputation.

Police Officer—Have you ever been a candidate for office?

Prisoner (who has been arrested for disorderly conduct)—Once, many years ago.

Police Officer—Sorry, sir, but we shall have to take your Bertillon measurements.—Chicago Tribune.

Bad Break.

"Back from de east, eh?" greeted the highwayman. "How did you make out?"

"Pretty rough," replied the pickpocket. "I got snapped up an' de judge was just about to give me six months when I thought I'd get off by telling him I was an iceman."

"Did de game work?"

"I should say not! When he heard I was an iceman he gave me a year."

Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

I had nothing left to say. I fell back in my chair, and gazed at the Colonel. At the same moment a sound of rapid wheels struck on my ears. Then I heard the sweet, clear voice I knew so well saying:

"I'll just disturb him for a moment, Mr. Jones. I want him to tear himself from work for a day, and come for a ride."

She opened my door, and came swiftly in. On seeing the Colonel she took in the position, and said to that gentleman:

"Have you told him?"

"I have just done so, Signorina," he replied.

I had not energy enough to greet her; so she also sat down uninvited, and took off her gloves—not lazily, like the Colonel, but with an air as though she would, if a man, take off her coat, to meet the crisis more energetically.

At last I said, with conviction:

"He's a wonderful man! How did you find it out, Colonel?"

"Had Johnny Carr to dine," said that worthy.

"You don't mean he trusted Johnny?"

"Odd, isn't it?" said the Colonel. "With his experience, too. He might have known Johnny was an idiot. I suppose there was no one else."

"He knew," said the Signorina, "anyone else in the place would betray him; he knew Johnny wouldn't if he could help it. He underrated your powers, Colonel."

"Well," said I, "I can't help it, can I? My directors will lose. The bondholders will lose. But how does it hurt me?"

The Colonel and the Signorina both smiled gently.

"You do it very well, Martin," said the former, "but it will save time if I state that both Signorina Nugent and myself are possessed of the details regarding the——" (the Colonel paused, and stroked his mustache).

"The second loan," said the Signorina. I was less surprised at this, recollecting certain conversations.

"Ah, and how did you find that out?" I asked.

"She told me," said the Colonel, indicating his fair neighbor.

"And may I ask how you found it out, Signorina?"

"The President told me," said that lady.

"Well, as you both know all about it, it's no good keeping up pretenses. It's very kind of you to come and warn me."

"You dear good Mr. Martin," said the Signorina, "our motives are not purely those of friendship."

"Why, how does it matter to you?"

"Simply this," said she, "the bank and its excellent manager own most of the debt. The Colonel and I own the rest. If it is repudiated, the bank loses; yes, but the manager and the Colonel and the Signorina Nugent are lost!"

"I didn't know this," I said, rather bewildered.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "when the first loan was raised I lent him $100,000. We were thick then, and I did it in return for my rank and my seat in the Chamber. Since then I've bought up some more shares."

"You got them cheap, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes," he replied, "I averaged them at about 75 cents the five-dollar share."

"And what do you hold now, nominal?"

"Three hundred thousand dollars," said he, shortly.

"I understand your interest in the matter. But you, Signorina?"

The Signorina appeared a little embarrassed. But at last she broke out:

"I don't care if I do tell you. When I decided to stay here I had $50,000. He persuaded me to put it all into his horrid debt. Oh! wasn't it mean, Mr. Martin?"

The President had certainly combined business and pleasure in this matter.

"Disgraceful!" I remarked.

"And if that goes, I am penniless—penniless. And there's poor aunt. What will she do?"

"Never mind your aunt," said the Colonel, rather rudely. "Well," he went on, "you see we're in the same boat with you, Martin."

"Yes; and we shall soon be in the same deep water," said I.

"Not at all," said the Colonel. "Financial probity is the backbone of a country. Are we to stand by and see Aureataland enter on the shameful path of repudiation?"

"Never!" cried the Signorina, leaping up with sparkling eyes. "Never!"

She looked enchanting. But business is business; and I said again:

"What are you going to do?"

"We are going, with your help, Martin, to prevent this national disgrace. We are going"—he lowered his voice, uselessly, for the Signorina struck in, in a high merry tone, waving her gloves over her head, with these remarkable words:

"Hurrah for the Revolution! Hip! hip! hurrah!"

The Signorina looked like a Goddess of Freedom in high spirits and a Paris bonnet. She broke forth into the "Marseillaise."

"For mercy's sake, be quiet!" said McGregor, in a hoarse whisper. "If they hear you! Stop, I tell you, Christina!"

"Kindly unfold your plan, Colonel," I said. "I am aware that out here you think little of revolutions, but to a newcomer they appear to be matters requiring some management. You see we are only three."

"I have the army with me," said he, grandly.

"In the outer office?" asked I, indulging in a sneer at the dimensions of the Aureataland forces.

"Look here, Martin," he said, scowling, "if you're coming in with us, keep your jokes to yourself."

'Don't quarrel, gentlemen," said the Signorina. "It's a waste of time. Tell him the plan, Colonel."

I saw the wisdom of this advice, so I said:

"Your pardon, Colonel. But won't this repudiation be popular with the army? If he lets the debt slide, he can pay them."

"Exactly," said he. "Hence we must get at them before that aspect of the case strikes them. They are literally starving, and for ten dollars a man they would make Satan himself President. Have you got any money, Martin?"

"Yes," said I, "a little."

"How much?"

"Ten thousand," I replied; "I was keeping it for the interest."

"Ah, you won't want it now."

"Indeed I shall—for the second loan, you know."

"Look here, Martin; give me that ten thousand for the troops. Stand in with us, and the day I become President I'll give you back your $300,000. Just look where you stand now. I don't want to be rude, but isn't it a case of——"

"Some emergency?" said I, thoughtfully. "Yes, it is. But where do you suppose you're going to get $300,000, to say nothing of your own shares?"

He drew his chair closer to mine, and, leaning forward, said:

"He's never spent the money. He's got it somewhere; much the greater part, at least."

"Did Carr tell you that?"

"He didn't know for certain; but he told me enough to make it almost certain. Besides," he added, "we have other reasons for suspecting it. Give me the ten thousand. You shall have your loan back, and, if you like, you shall be minister of finance. We practically know the money's there, don't we, Signorina?"

She nodded assent.

"If we fail?" said I.

He drew a neat little revolver from his pocket, placed it for a moment against his ear, and repocketed it.

"Most lucidly explained, Colonel," said I. "Will you give me half an hour to think it over?"

"Yes," he said. 'You'll excuse me if I stay in the outer office? Of course I trust you, Martin, but in this sort of thing——"

"All right, I see," said I. "And you, Signorina?"

"I'll wait, too," she said.

They both rose and went out, and I heard them in conversation with Jones. I sat still, thinking hard. But scarcely a moment had passed, when I heard the door behind me open. It was the Signorina. She came in, stood behind my chair, and, leaning over, put her arms round my neck. I looked up, and saw her face full of mischief.

"What about the rose, Jack?" she asked.

Bewildered with delight, and believing I had won her, I said:

"Your soldier till death, Signorina."

"Bother death!" said she, saucily. "Nobody's going to die. We shall win, and then——!"

"And then," said I, eagerly, "you'll marry me, sweet?"

She quietly stooped down and kissed my lips. Then, stroking my hair, she said:

"You're a nice boy, Jack."

"Christina, you won't marry him?"

"Him?"

"McGregor," said I.

"Jack," said she, whispering now, "I hate him!"

"So do I," I answered promptly. "And if it's to win you, I'll upset a dozen presidents."

"Then you'll do it for me? I like to think you'll do it for me, and not for the money."

"I don't mind the money coming in," I began.

"Mercenary wretch!" she cried. "I didn't kiss you, did I?"

"No," I replied. "You said you would in a minute, when I consented."

"Very neat, Jack," she said. But she went and opened the door and called to McGregor, "Mr. Martin sees no objection to the arrangement, and he will come to dinner to-night, as you suggest, and talk over the details. We're all going to make our fortunes, Mr. Jones," she went on, without waiting for any acceptance of her implied invitation, "and when we've made ours, we'll think about you and Mrs. Jones."

I heard Jones make some noise incoherently suggestive of gratification, for he was as bad as any of us about the Signorina, and then I was left to my reflections. These were less somber than the reader would, perhaps, anticipate. True, I was putting my head into a noose; and if the President's hands ever found their way to the end of the rope, I fancied he would pull it pretty tight. But, again, I was immensely in love, and equally in debt. To a young man, life without love isn't worth much; to a man of any age, in my opinion, life without money isn't worth much; it becomes worth still less when he is held to account for money he ought to have. So I cheerfully entered upon my biggest gamble, holding the stake of life well risked. My pleasure in the affair was only marred by the enforced partnership of McGregor. There was no help for this, but I knew he wasn't much fonder of me than I of him, and I found myself gently meditating on the friction likely to arise between the new President and his minister of finance, in case our plans succeeded. Still the Signorina hated him, and by all signs she loved me. So I lay back in my chair, and recalled my charmer's presence by whistling the hymn of liberty until it was time to go to lunch.

CHAPTER X.

The morning meeting had been devoted to principles and to the awakening of enthusiasm; in the evening the conspirators condescended upon details, and we held a prolonged and anxious conference at the Signorina's. Mrs. Carrington was commanded to have a headache after dinner, and retired with it to bed; and from ten till one we sat and conspired. The result of our deliberations was a pretty plan, of which the main outlines were as follows:

This was Tuesday. On Friday night, the Colonel, with twenty determined ruffians (or resolute patriots) previously bound to him, body and soul, by a donation of no less than fifty dollars a man, was to surprise the Golden House, seize the person of the President and all cash and securities on the premises; no killing if it could be avoided, but on the other hand no shilly-shally. McGregor wanted to put the President out of the way at once, as a precautionary measure, but I strongly opposed this proposal, and, finding the Signorina was absolutely inflexible on the same side, he yielded.

I had a strong desire to be present at this midnight surprise, but another duty called for my presence. There was a gala supper at the barracks that evening, to commemorate some incident or other in the national history, and I was to be present and to reply to the toast of "The Commerce of Aureataland." My task was, at all hazards, to keep this party going till the Colonel's job was done, when he would appear at the soldiers' quarters, bribe in hand, and demand their allegiance. Our knowledge of the character of the troops made us regard the result as a certainty, if once the President were a prisoner and the dollars before their eyes. The Colonel and the troops were to surround the officers' messroom, and offer them life and money, or death and destruction. Here again we anticipated their choice with composure. The army was then to be paraded in the Piazza, the town overawed or converted, and, behold, the Revolution was accomplished!

The success of this design entirely depended on its existence remaining a dead secret from the one man we feared, and on that one man being found alone and unguarded at 12 o'clock on Friday night. If he discovered the plot, we were lost. If he took it into his head to attend the supper, our difficulties would be greatly increased. At this point we turned to the signorina, and I said, briefly:

"This appears to be where you come in, Signorina. Permit me to invite you to dine with his excellency on Friday evening at 8 precisely."

"You mean," she said slowly, "that I am to keep him at home on Friday?"

"Yes," said I. "Is there any difficulty?"

"I do not think there is great difficulty," she said, "but I don't like it; it looks so treacherous."

Of course it did. I didn't like her doing it myself, but how else was the President to be secured?

"Rather late to think of that, isn't it?" asked McGregor, with a sneer. "A revolution won't run on high emotional wheels."

"Think how he jockeyed you about the money," said I, assuming the part of the tempter.

"By the way," said McGregor, "it's understood the Signorina enters into possession of the President's country villa, isn't it?"

Now my poor Signorina had a longing for that choice little retreat, and between resentment for her lost money and a desire for the pretty house, she was sore beset. Left to herself, I believe she would have yielded to her better feelings and spoiled the plot.

"I'll do it, if you'll swear not to—to hurt him," she said.

"I've promised already," replied the Colonel, sullenly; "I won't touch him, unless he brings it on himself. If he tries to kill me, I suppose I needn't bare my breast to the blow?"

"No, no," I interposed; "I have a regard for his excellency, but we must not let our feelings betray us into weakness. He must be taken—alive and well, if possible—but in the last resort, dead or alive."

"Come, that's more like sense," said the Colonel, approvingly.

The Signorina sighed, but opposed us no longer.

Returning to ways and means, we arranged for communication in case of need during the next three days without the necessity of meeting. My position as the center of financial business in Whittingham made this easy; the passage of bank messengers to and fro would excite little remark, and the messages could easily be so expressed as to reveal nothing to an uninstructed eye. It was further agreed that on the smallest hint of danger reaching any one of us, the word should at once be passed to the others, and we should rendezvous at the Colonel's "ranch," which lay some seven miles from the town. Thence, in this lamentable case, escape would be more possible.

"And now," said the Colonel, "if Martin will hand over the dollars, I think that's about all."

(To be continued.)

BREATHING DURING SLEEP.

Exercise, Compelling Deeper Inhalation at Night, Valuable.

The importance of proper respiration during sleep is dwelt upon by Dr. J. H. Kellogg in an article on "Unconscious Respiration," contributed to Good Health. Dr. Kellogg notes that during sleeping hours the breathing movements are more superficial and slower than when one is awake and active. The lungs influence the activity of every organ and every cell in the body, and consequently lessened breathing during sleep slows down every function. He goes on:

"It is necessary that activity should be lessened in order that sleep and rest may be secured, but the work of the liver, kidneys, and the repairing work of the living cells goes on during sleep, and this requires oxygen. Hence the body should be supplied with an abundance of fresh air during sleep by proper ventilation of the sleeping rooms. The lassitude experienced on rising in the morning after sleeping in a close, overheated room is evidence of the injury resulting from such practice. The temperature of the sleeping room should never be above 60 degrees F. when a higher temperature can be avoided, and a lower temperature will be found beneficial. Sleeping in cool air, provided the body is kept warm, is far more refreshing, invigorating and energizing than in a warm atmosphere. Cold air has a tonic effect upon the tissues which is highly beneficial."

The amount of air taken in during sleep may be remarkably increased, Dr. Kellogg goes on to say, by developing the vital capacity and the activity of the lungs through suitable exercise. He says:

"An eminent French physiologist found that the amount of air taken into the lungs during sleep was doubled in students whose general breathing capacity had been increased by exercise. Exercise in a gymnasium, chopping and sawing wood, digging, laundry work, scrubbing, running of errands—all sorts of active housework and farm work—are excellent means of developing the chest. Any exercise which accelerates the breating, compelling deep, full breathing, is valuable as a means for developing the lung capacity.

"Languor, nervousness and mental cloudiness are driven away by the increased ventilation of the body secured by deep breathing. The pure oxygen taken in burns up the rubbish which obstructs the brain and the tissues, while the deep-breathing movements accelerate the circulation, drawing the impure blood toward the chest for purification, and so cleansing the tissues of the paralyzing poisons which are sure to accumulate in them unless constantly removed by vigorous movement of the blood and energetic breathing. The heightened color of cheeks, the increased luster of eye and general buoyancy of feeling which follow a brisk walk on a frosty morning are evidences of the benefits that are to be derived from taking into the body an increased supply of oxygen through active breathing.

"While the lungs are to some extent subject to voluntary control, their action is, like that of the heart, automatic. During sleep, as well as during the waking hours, their movements are carried on with rhythmical regularity, except when interrupted by speech, and without any conscious or voluntary effort."

As Others See Us.

The Maid—Now there's Fred Huggins. He's a man after my own heart.

The Man—Well, he's scheduled for a bitter disappointment.

The Maid—Why do you say that?

The Man—Because you are heartless

TO THE SUNSHINE.

I been so long a-waitin' on de time en on de tide,
I better ketch de freight train ter reach de yuther side;
Fer der time'll never heed me, en de river mighty wide,
En I got ter meet de sunshine in de mawnin'!

I ben so long a-waitin' fer de good times up de road,
I better start en meet 'um—so I liftin' up my load;
En I'll reach de Lan' er Promise des de bes' you ever knowed
I got ter meet de sunshine in de mawnin'!

Oh, dey ain't no use ter tarry in de shadder-lan' ter wait,
Fer de harricane 'll ketch you, en de night is gittin' late;
I wants ter hear de latch clink on de hallelula gate—
I wants ter meet de sunshine in de mawnin'!

—Frank L. Stanton.

The Inheritance of His Fathers.

TWO boys they were—one lowly and poor, one aristocratic and rich!

And they were both the only children of their parents.

Likewise they would each in time come into the inheritance of their fathers.

The vicar, old and gray-haired, preached a sermon one day upon this self-same subject—the inheritance of their fathers—and tried to impress his congregation with the seriousness and importance of such a succession. He pictured to them the rich inheritance of an earthly father, who had laid by, and saved up, that his son might one day come into the possession of an inheritance worthy of his name and sire; he drew the other picture—that of a man, a wine-bibber and a glutton, spending his days in the pursuit of evil, and laying up for his children and his children's children an inheritance of sin and sorrow and suffering!

The words fell on the ready ears of a farmer, who was none too well off, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet. He silently registered a vow that the chubby-faced boy lying in his cradle in the tiled farmhouse kitchen should never have occasion to blush for the inheritance of his fathers.

The opposite side of the aisle, in his family pew, the squire of the parish sat quietly dozing through the old clergyman's discourse. What good could it possibly do to keep him awake while the vicar lectured on morals to the tenants and poorer brethren? They had need of such sermons, perhaps;

ONE POOR AND ONE RICH.

but he, with his broad acres, his well-filled purse, and his unsullied name, he had no need of advice from any one.

In a satin-trimmed cot, in a nursery fit for a lord, lay his delicate baby son. What a fair heritage would one day be his! He could not help himself, the little fellow; his father had money and lands to leave him, which had no equal anywhere else in the country.

The inheritance of his fathers! Of course Gilbert would inherit every stick and stone, every farthing.

The responsibility of his wealth never troubled the squire. He subscribed to the various parochial charities with many a grumble; he paid the old vicar something over his stipend every Christmas, to save the souls of every one but himself! Did he not nobly fulfill his responsibilities?

So the sermon that hot May morning fell on his unheeding ears, and he wished young Farmer Blatherley a condescending "good-day" as he almost rubbed shoulders with him on his way to his carriage, all unconscious of the fact that the inheritance of the poor man's son was likely to be a much richer one than that of his own son!

John Blatherley picked up his laughing young son when he reached the spotlessly clean kitchen, glad to get out of the glare of the noonday sun. And he pressed his lips to the soft cheek and renewed the vow he had made a little earlier in the day.

Meanwhile Gilbert Dayle drove back to his ancestral home in his luxuriously appointed carriage, with its pair of prancing bays.

His small son, an infant edition of himself, was playing with its nurse on the soft green grass near the study window, a soft, thin, white-cheeked boy of two.

What had been the inheritance of his fathers, so far? It was written on the baby face in indelible lines!

"Take Master Gilbert away, nurse," he commanded in harsh tones. "I shall be very busy this afternoon, and shall not have time to see him at all, to-day. Keep him in the nursery, please!"

* * * * * * *

Left to the care of his nurses while his father spent his time in riotous living, gambling and drinking with his friends, falsely so called, the squire's only son grew to boyhood, a puny, delicate thing, crippled from a fall sustained while out with his nurse, but which the woman managed to conceal from the father, until time had revealed it to him, and at fourteen, in consequence, barely able to walk without the aid of a crutch.

The inheritance of his fathers!

Farmer Blatherley often remembered the words as he looked on the invalid son of his richer neighbor and landlord, and compared him with his own motherless, strong, healthy, handsome lad. Jack Blatherley was all that the fondest parent could desire—happy, healthy, honest and open as the day; laughter-loving, painstaking, a typical specimen of young England at its best. He had a mind for book-learning, which had been his father's before him, and knew almost as much, from private lessons taken with the old vicar as Gilbert Dayle himself up at the great big house on the hilltop, where the best of tutors tried to impart wisdom and the love of books to the crippled lad!

Curiously enough, the two boys, so different in station, character and health, were the greatest of friends. The squire, playing cards, and drinking heavily day in and day out, hardly knew it, or if he did, he took no notice; and the friendship between the two lads was cemented and added to daily, as the strong, healthy, young embryo farmer helped the delicate scion of blue-blooded aristocracy over the heather-clad moors, where the golden gorge waved its yellow blooms seaward and scented the soft air with its strong perfume.

Both the boys were fond of the sea; in storm or in calm they loved to gaze at its ever-changing surface, rippling in the sunshine or foaming under a leaden sky.

One hot afternoon in June the two boys climbed the steep ascent which led to their favorite seat on the heather overlooking the bright blue bay, Gilbert, half-carried by his strong young friend, expostulating to no purpose. It was holiday time for them, the tutors had gone away; Gilbert was thrown on his own beam-ends, his father having no use and no desire for the company of his crippled son.

"It's funny," Jack cried, as he flung himself face downwards on the soft purple heather. 'You can do as you like—you are rich, Gilbert, but I—father says I must be a farmer—and I want to write, to be an author!"

Gilbert opened his large, sad eyes. "Be an author and write books?" he echoed in an awe-struck voice; "how clever you are, Jack!"

"It's no good to be," returned the lad a little bitterly. 'The dad's made up his mind that I must carry on the farm—we have no money to waste, you see, and so it's no use for me to think of being anything else!"

The two boys were silent for a moment; from a distant cliff a seagull flew out, with its melancholy cry.

"Could I—give you the money, do you think?" asked the cripple at last. "I have some saved saved up in my money box, and I shall never be good for anything, you know. Let me give you enough to help you - write books——"

"But then there'd be the farm!" Jack's straight brows were puckered.

"Couldn't your father get some one else to help him?" Gilbert's face brightened as the idea came to him.

Jack shook his bright head.

"Dad says it is the—inheritance of my fathers—that, and my health and strength—oh——"

He bit his lips suddenly, as he realized that he was speaking to one with a very different inheritance.

"It's no use, it'll come in time—the liking for the life, I suppose," he went on philosophically. "Hulloa! The squire——"

He broke off hurriedly, for across the glorious heather, in God's glorious sunshine, came a creature that was fit for neither man nor beast—Squire Dayle, his eyes dazed, his lips twitching nervously, his gait faulty—drunk at twelve in the morning!

He came uncertainly towards the two boys—Gilbert, his face, white with fear; young Jack Blatherley, upright as a rock, with his open countenance turned fearlessly toward him, and his broad shoulders squared towards the sea.

"Hulloa!" muttered the man with an oath, looking at his son. "What! Are you frightened of your own father? What have I done that I should call such a coward—son? Stand up, stand up, and don't look scared into the middle of next week. Do you hear?"

In a moment it had happened. The father, infuriated at the sight of his cowering son—intoxicated with drink, beyond the controlling of his passions—hit out with all his might, and Jack was conscious that some dark object whizzed past him over the edge of the cliff!

The next minute he had recovered himself. With a cry, he, too, slipped over the edge, in time to catch the falling boy as he landed on a small tuft of grass.

Jack held on with all his might—his hands were strong and big for his age; his boyish lips were set in a determined line as he shouted for help at the top of his might, half expecting every minute to see the drunken man tumbling over cliff on top of them. But no; no one came in answer to his cries, and for an hour, in the burning sun, he held the other boy up, a dead weight in his arms. But the slender gorse bush was unequal to the strain put upon it; the weight of the two boys was more than it could bear. Jack realized this; his companion was much too frightened to think of anything except tears!

He looked at the beach below—the cruel shingles—the awful drop before they could be reached. Could one drop fifty feet and reach the ground in safety? He knew that it was impossible.

And yet—the gorse bush could hold one boy's weight. Gilbert was nothing; and there was a little ledge for him to rest on, sufficient for one, but not for two.

He must drop—the bush was giving every minute—Gilbert would be safe.

He raised his bright eyes to the pitiless skies, and then lowered them; in the distance, very far off, he saw men running.

"Help! Help!"

With one mighty effort he raised his voice and shouted, and then as the memory of his dad's words, "the inheritance of his fathers," came over him, his eyes filled with tears. He would not inherit—but another would! The dad would get some one else; his duty lay—elsewhere.

"Good-by, Gilbert," he said, quietly. "You stay here on this little ledge; keep hold of this bush, and never turn your eyes back. They are coming to save us—they are quite close now; whatever you do, hang on and never forget me——"

Gilbert was too frightened to take in the meaning of Jack's farewell; he only heard the tones die away in the distance.

And Jack, breathing the one great prayer which, whether they will or no, rises to the lips of most men and women at some time of their life, "Our Father which art in heaven," loosed his hold of the fragile branch, and slipped—away—down—down—into utter darkness.

Ten minutes later strong hands pulled Gilbert up on to the heather above. Farmer Blatherley sought the side of the cliff with anxious eyes.

"Jack!" he called; and only the seagulls answered. "Jack!" they echoed with mournful insistence.

Leaving Gilbert in the care of other hands, the young farmer made for a gully near at hand, down which he ran to the beach.

He had not far to seek. A merciful hawthorn had broken his lad's fall; and he lay, white and still in its thorny embrace, his bright eyes turned to the turquoise sky.

Jack Blatherley had come into the inheritance of his fathers.—Philadelphia Evening Telegram.

Raising the Meeting-House.

In March, 1791, the town of Northfield, New Hampshire, voted to "take sum method to build a town-house or meeting-house," and in 1793, says the historian of the town, the matter of location was settled, and the work begun.

The nails were forged by hand on the spot by a professional who came with forge and material.

The raising was a great event. When the evening shadows fell the structure was ready for the roof. The dense forest, east of the house, from whence the large beams and rafters had been taken, furnished an ideal place for the bountiful repast. An ox cart, filled with white and brown loaves, furnished by the good women of Bay Hill, had appeared in good time. It was driven to its place in the shade. The strong arm of Captain David Hills, supplemented by his limber ox-goad, was necessary to protect the bread from the hungry, fun-loving boys, who, no sooner routed from a rear attack, appeared in front. Meanwhile his good wife on horseback, with babe in arms, brought the kettle strapped behind, in which Mother Knowles was to prepare the fish and potato, which was to be the main dish of the feast.

The morrow showed greater enthusiasm and larger numbers. The roof timbers were easily lifted into place, amid cheers and jokes from the lookers-on, and when the ridge-pole was in place one nimble lad stood on his head upon it with his feet in the air. He had previously distinguished himself by being the first child born in the new town.

Another bountiful feast was served, and the afternoon given up to sports of various kinds. Nimble-footed boys ran races up the hill, and men with sacks of potatoes on their backs vied with each other in speed. They wrestled, climbed trees, lifted weights, and carried each other on their backs.

Night came all too soon, and all departed to their homes; the master builder and his workmen rejoicing in a mechanical success, the religous men and women happy in being able to assist in establishing the preaching of the gospel in their newly chosen home, and the girls and boys sure they had had the one great time of their lives.

A Prophetess Confounded.

One of the most diverting tales told in connection with the art of anagram making relates to a certain Dame Eleanor Davies, wife of Sir Joshua Davies. She lived in the time of Charles I. and was a constant croaker and foreteller of evil. At length she made herself so obnoxious to the government that she was cited to appear before the court of high commission. She fancied that she was gifted with prophetic powers because the letters of Eleanor Davies formed the anagram "Reveal, O Daniel." This was not a good anagram, as it used the "l" twice and did not employ the "s" at all.

She resisted all the efforts of the bishops to bring her to reason, but was at last entirely defeated by a witty dean, who hoisted her with her own petard by making another anagram, not so complimentary to her prophetic insight, "Dame Eleanor Davies—never so mad a ladie!" This caused her to doubt the reality of her own inspiration and so utterly disconcerted her that no more was heard of her.

Choosing a Safe Escort.

Mrs. Chatterly—Oh, Mr. Crumpet, you'll take me down to supper, won't you?

Crumpet—Delighted! But may I ask why this honor falls to me?

Mrs. Chatterly—Oh, you're the only man my husband isn't likely to be jealous of.—Scraps.

Not Intentional.

Mr. Jones (reading)—Man drowned from a ferry boat!

Mrs. Jones—Goodness! Married or single?

Mr. Jones—Single—it says he fell in accidentally!—Puck.